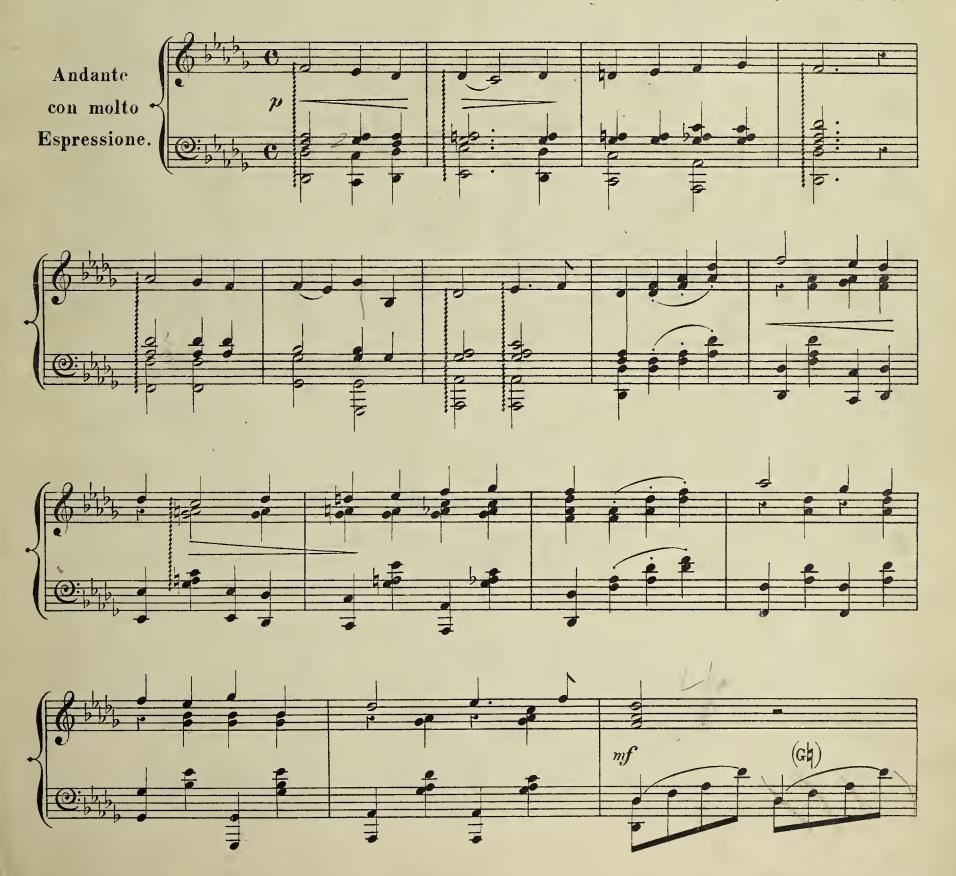
AUTUMN.

I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
And, in sublime, mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

OLD PLAY.

JOHN THOMAS.





Autumn. J. Thomas.



Autumn. J. Thomas.

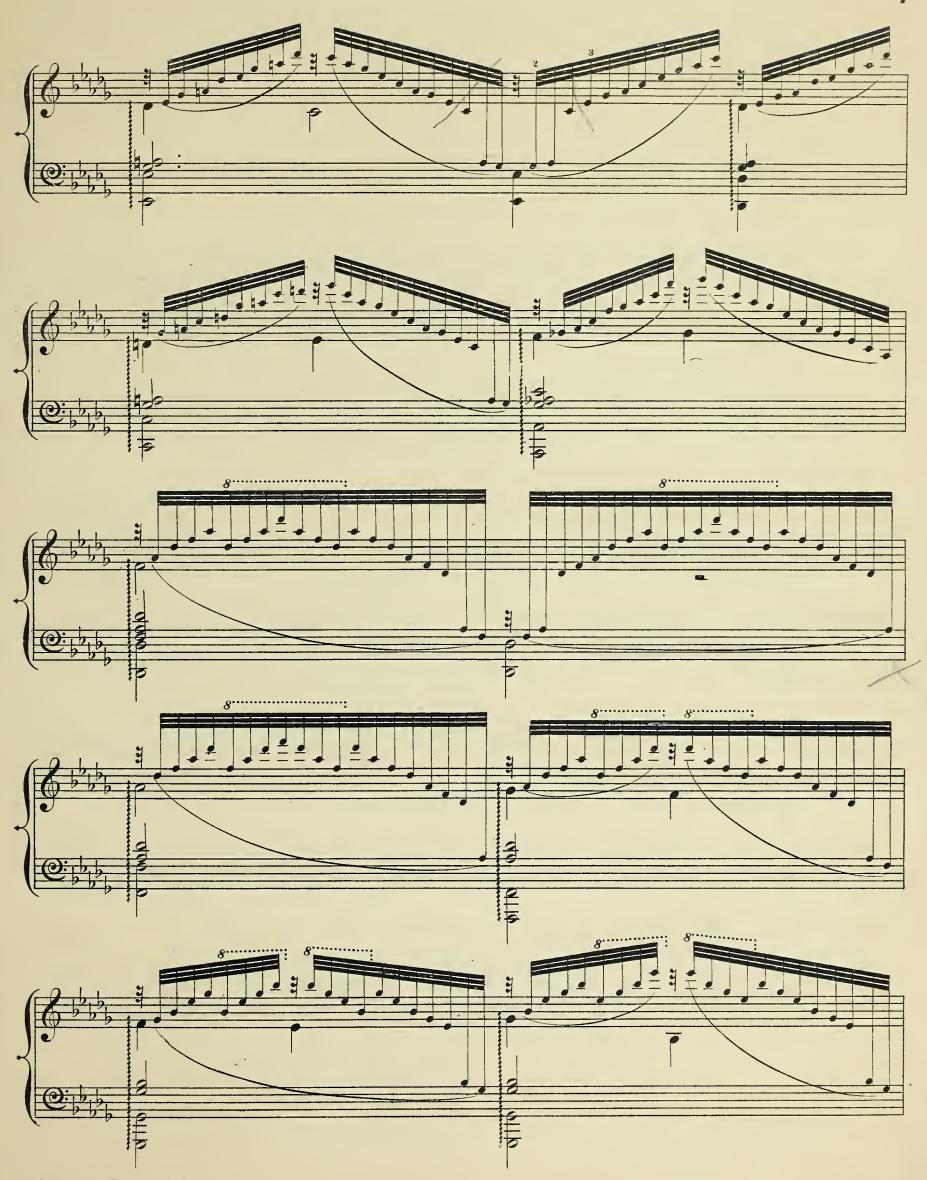


Autumn. J. Thomas.

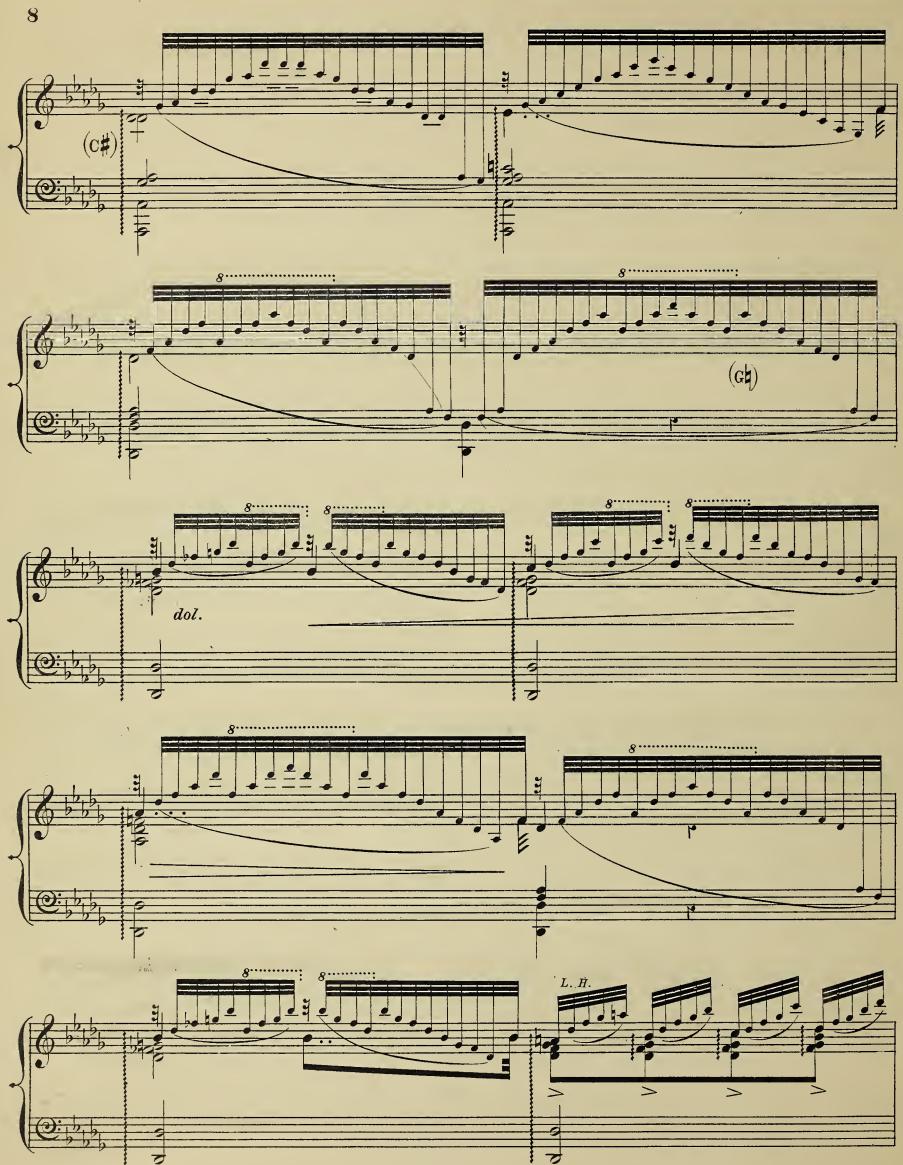


Autumn. J. Thomas.

Autumn. J. Thomas.

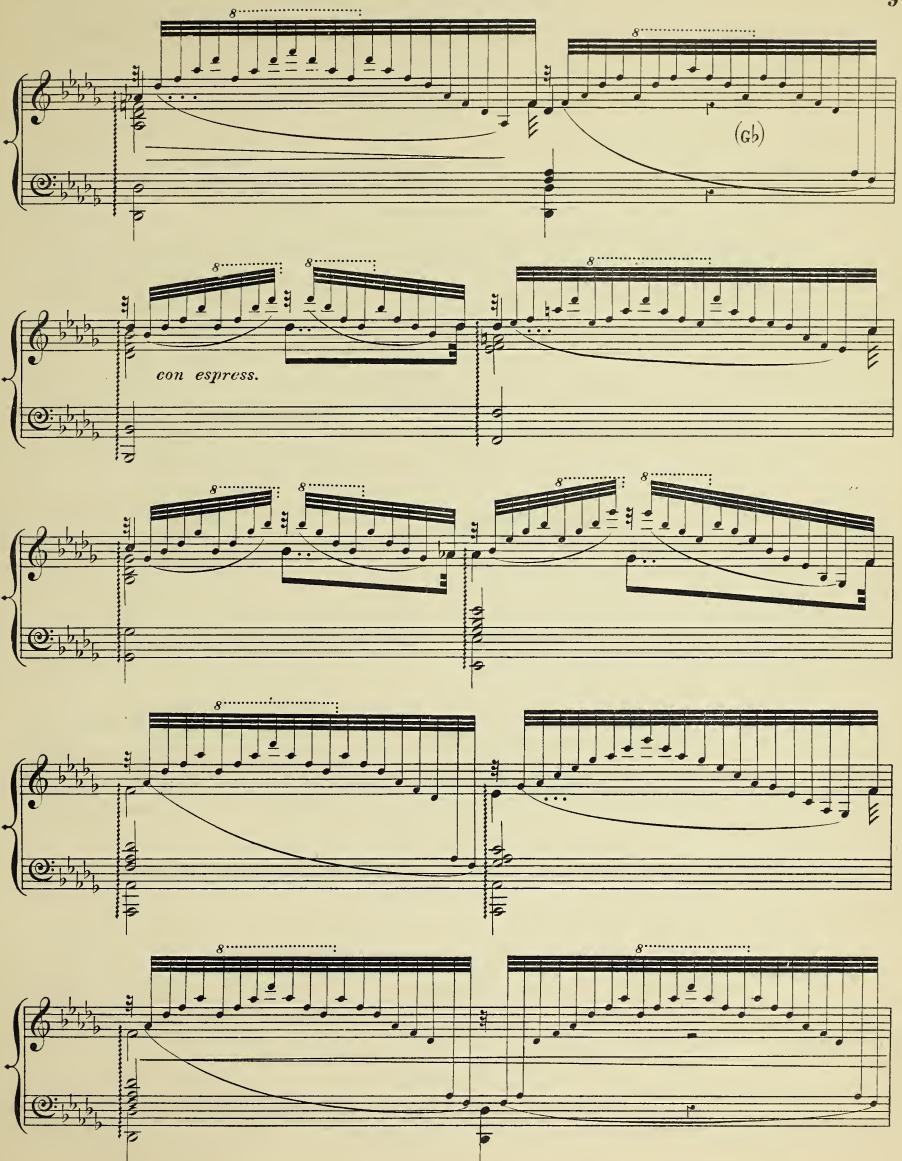


Autumn. J. Thomas.

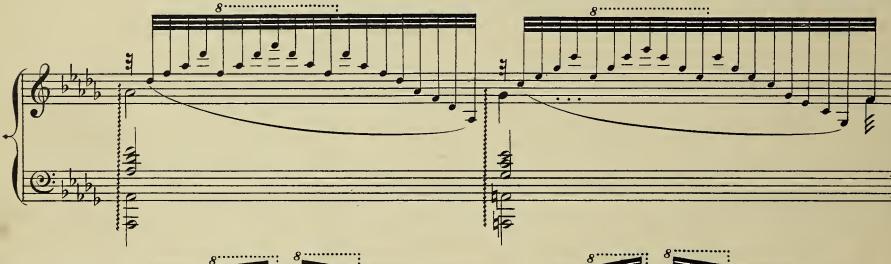


Autumn. J. Thomas.

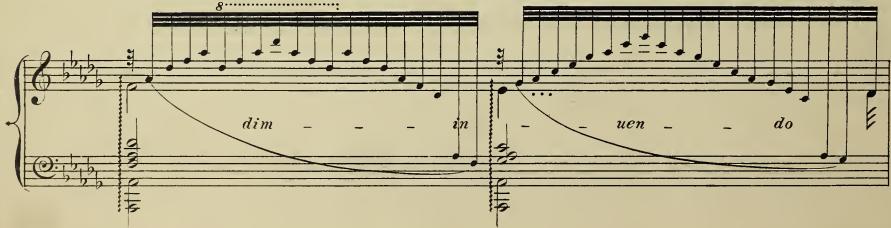




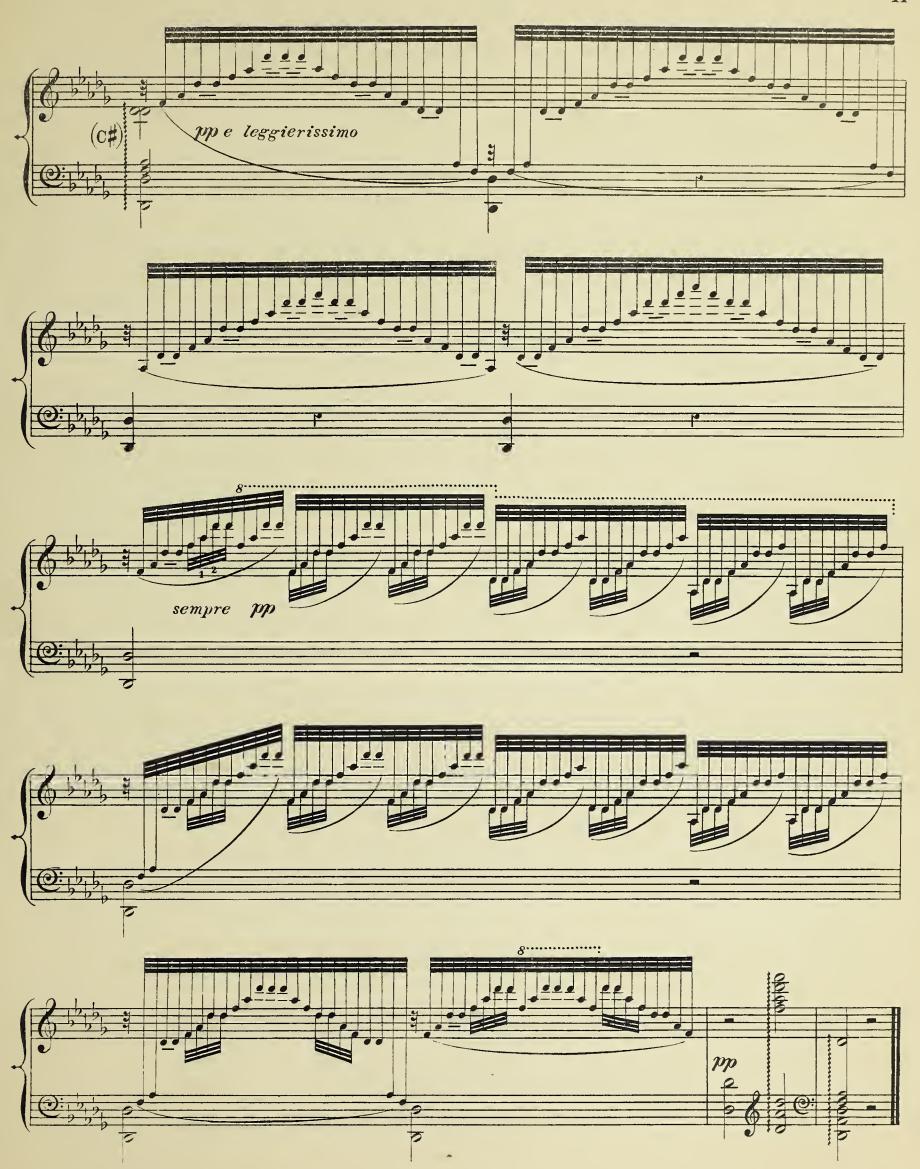
Autumn. J. Thomas.







Autumn. J. Thomas.



Autumn. J. Thomas.

